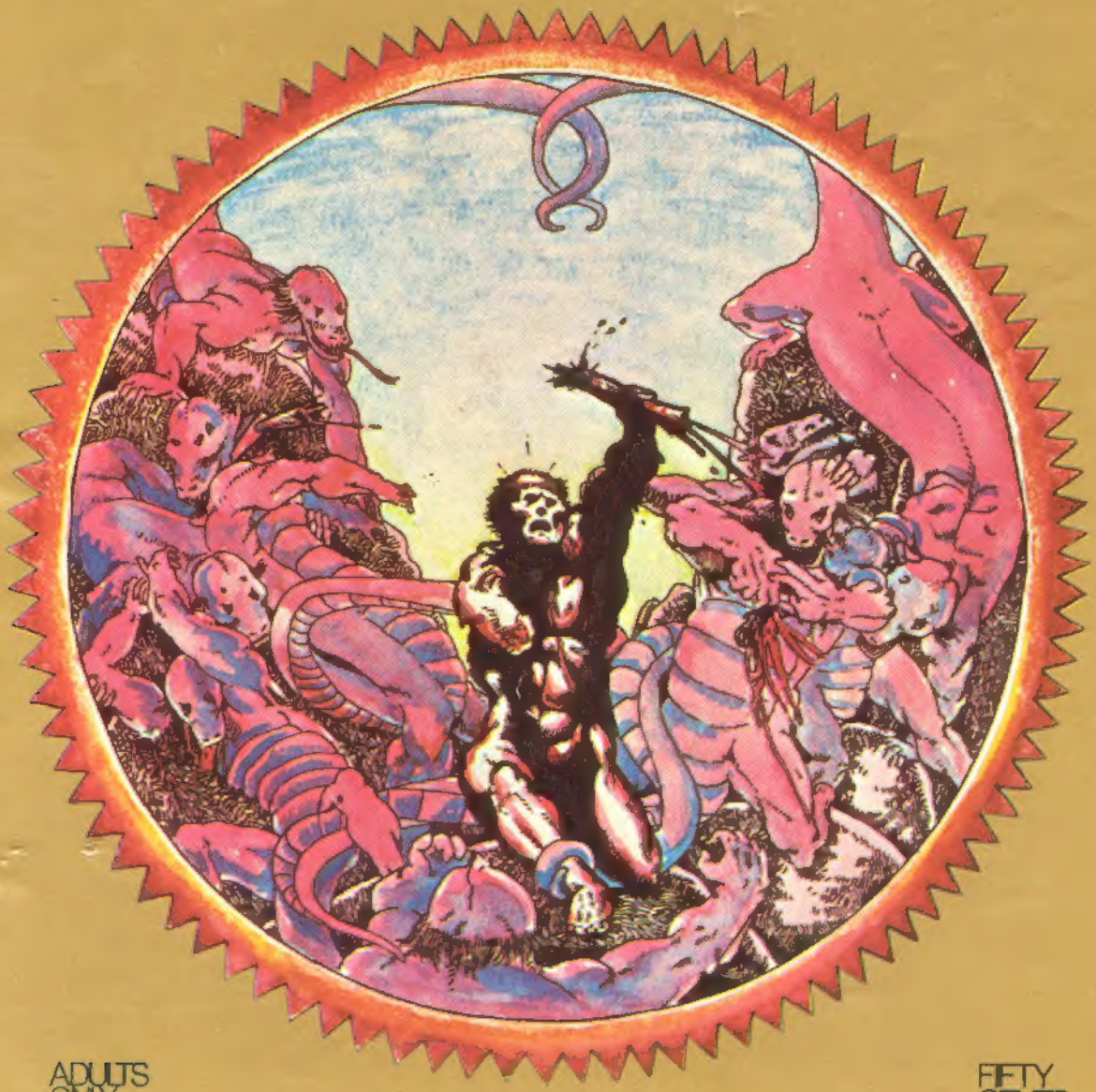
BARBARIAN COMICS



ADULTS ONLY

FIFTY CENTS

BARBARIAN COMICS 2

STORIES and ART:

SUN AND STEEL...
HALL OF KINGS–HALE HAN

HAMEKA–RON HARRIS

STARSMITH–TOM BIRD

FAST 'N 'NUFF–JOHN WILLIAMS

CROM–W. A. MEUGNIOT

COVER ART–HALE HAN

INSIDE COVERS–RICHARD CORBEN

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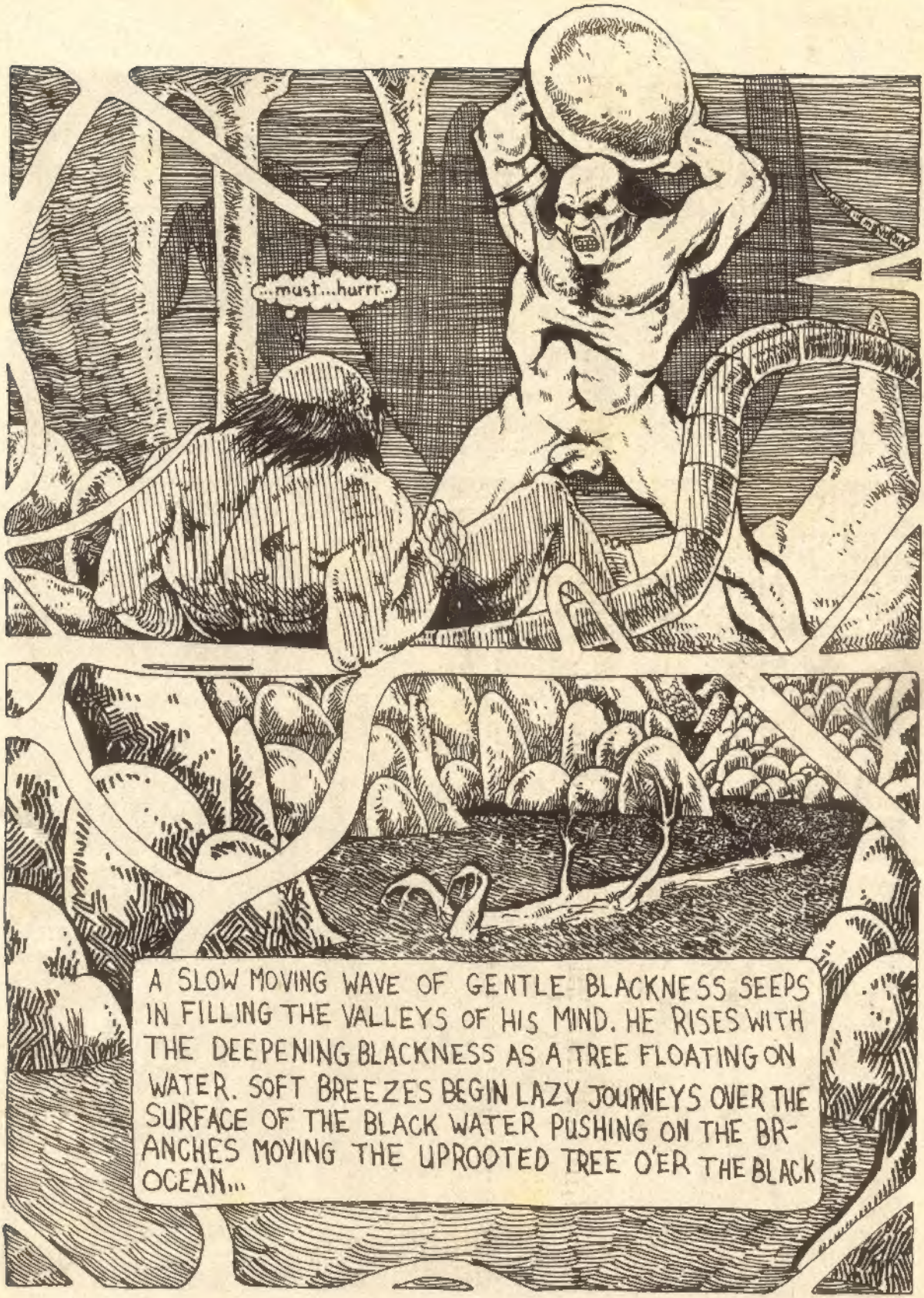
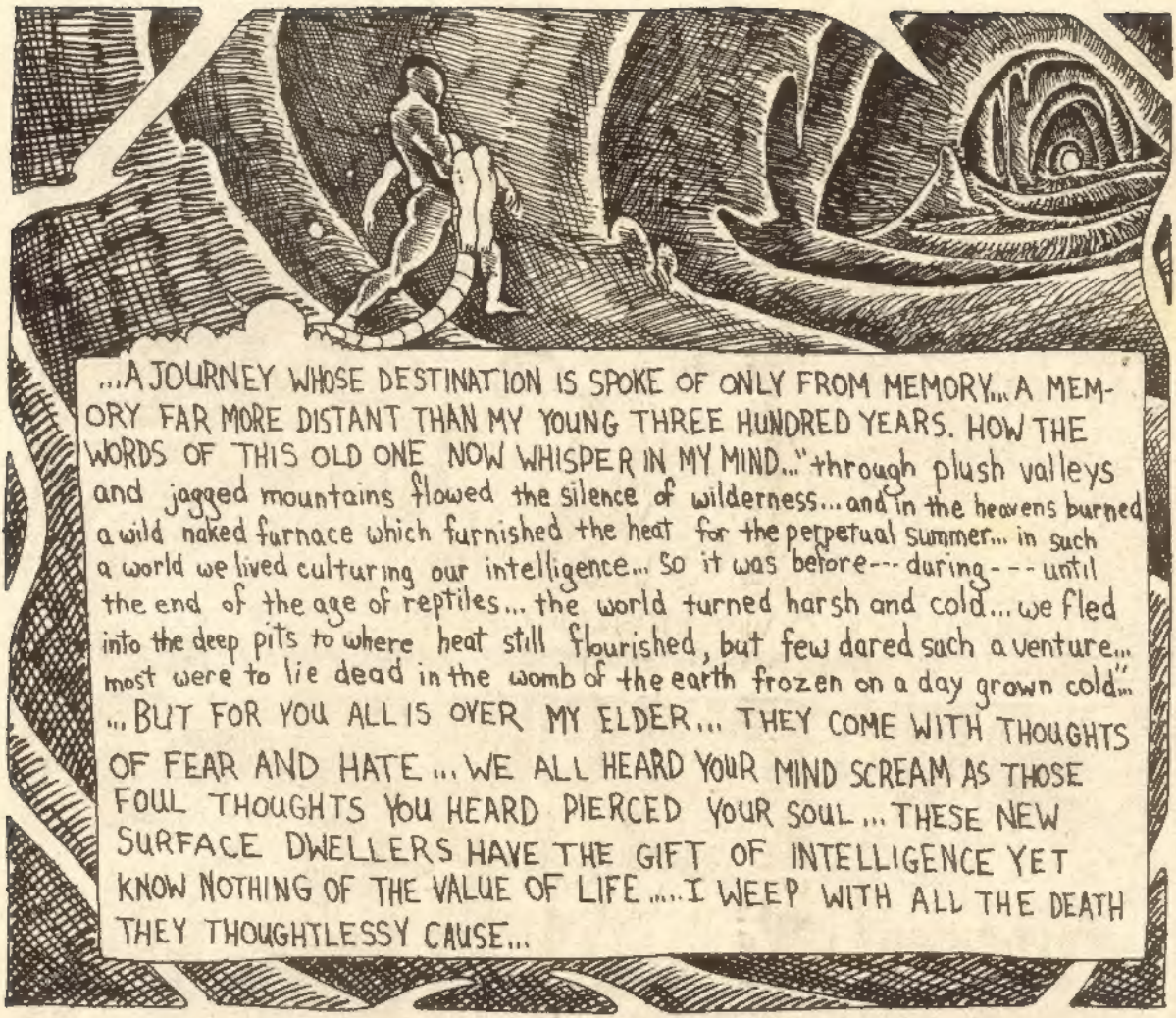
ADULTS ONLY 50¢ A COPY

I'VE FOUND YOU...
STEP ASIDE...
...VIPER!
...AT LAST!...
...I MUST HURRY ON!

HIS DETER-MINATION...
...IS BEYOND QUESTIONING!..
...HE APPROACHES TO...
...kill.
...must hurry...
...on...


...must...hurrr...
A SLOW MOVING WAVE OF GENTLE BLACKNESS SEEPS IN FILLING THE VALLEYS OF HIS MIND. HE RISES WITH THE DEEPENING BLACKNESS AS A TREE FLOATING ON WATER. SOFT BREEZES BEGIN LAZY JOURNEYS OVER THE SURFACE OF THE BLACK WATER PUSHING ON THE BRANCHES MOVING THE UPROOTED TREE O'ER THE BLACK OCEAN...

THE HAND OF WIND STRUMMED THROUGH THE NEEDLES SPEWING ALL HIS YESTERYEARS IN A SINGLE CHORD OF SOUND..
...BUT EVEN THE SOUND WAS ENVELOPED BY MURK... HE IS DEAD.
...SO ELDER THEY'VE TAKEN ANOTHER LIFE..
...LET ME REMOVE YOUR BURDEN... ...THIS STONE...
...AND HELP YOU FINISH AT LEAST PART OF YOUR JOURNEY...

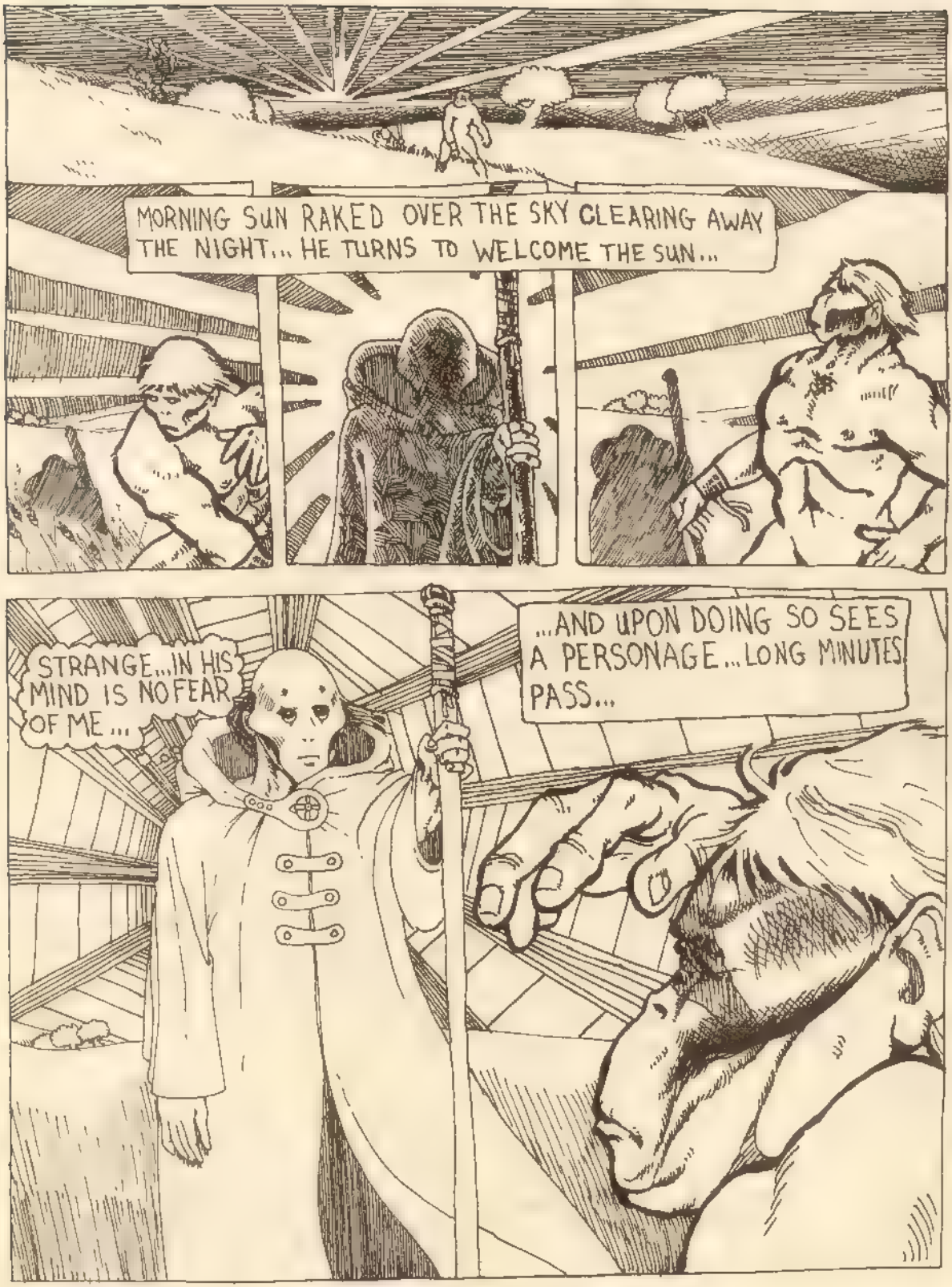

...A JOURNEY WHOSE DESTINATION IS SPOKE OF ONLY FROM MEMORY... A MEMORY FAR MORE DISTANT THAN MY YOUNG THREE HUNDRED YEARS. HOW THE WORDS OF THIS OLD ONE NOW WHISPER IN MY MIND..."through plush valleys and jagged mountains flowed the silence of wilderness... and in the heavens burned a wild naked furnace which furnished the heat for the perpetual summer... in such a world we lived culturing our intelligence... so it was before--- during--- until the end of the age of reptiles... the world turned harsh and cold... we fled into the deep pits to where heat still flourished, but few dared such a venture... most were to lie dead in the womb of the earth frozen on a day grown cold"...
...BUT FOR YOU ALL IS OVER MY ELDER... THEY COME WITH THOUGHTS OF FEAR AND HATE... WE ALL HEARD YOUR MIND SCREAM AS THOSE FOUL THOUGHTS YOU HEARD PIERCED YOUR SOUL... THESE NEW SURFACE DWELLERS HAVE THE GIFT OF INTELLIGENCE YET KNOW NOTHING OF THE VALUE OF LIFE.... I WEEP WITH ALL THE DEATH THEY THOUGHTLESSY CAUSE...

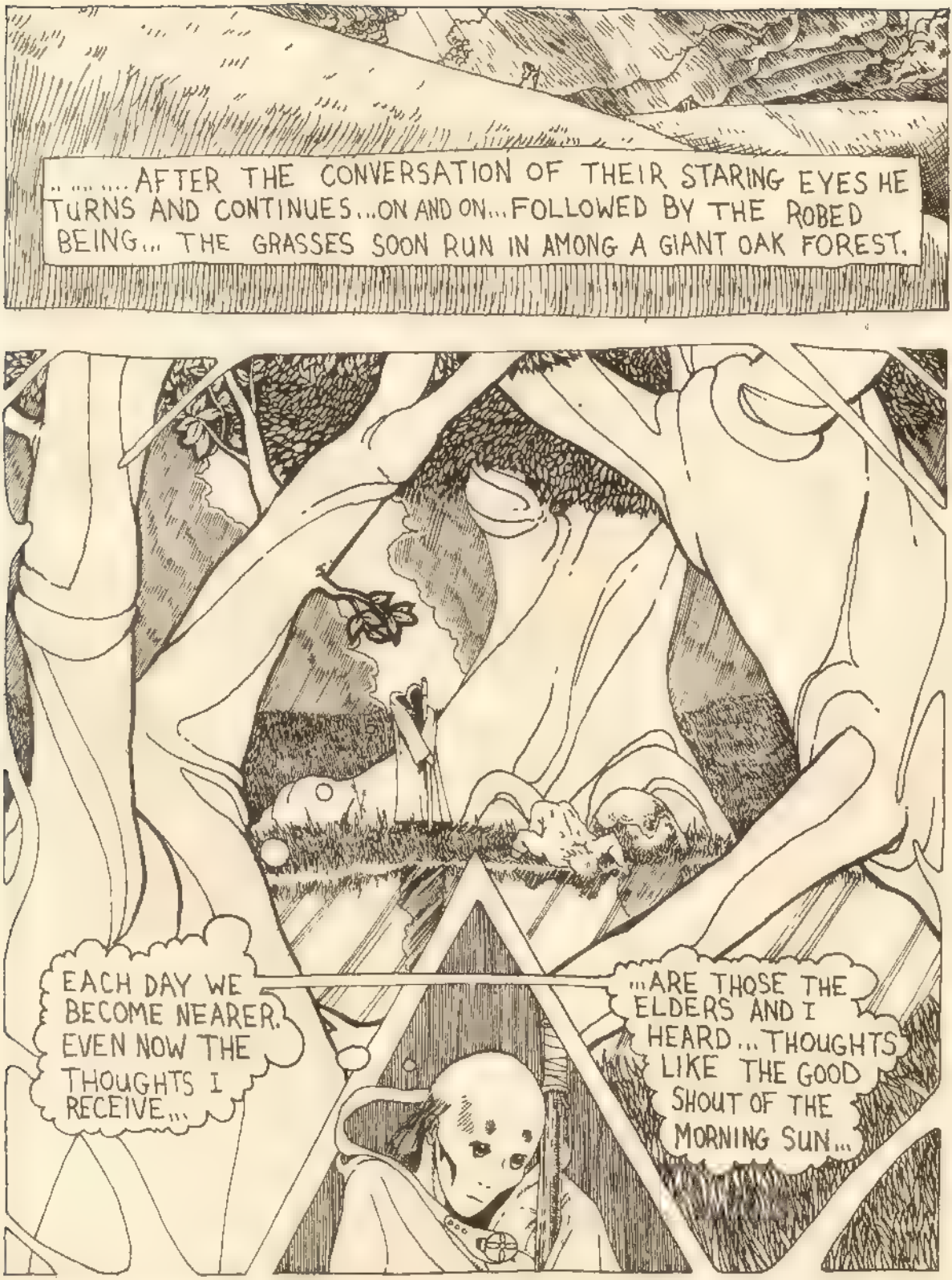
...FOR EACH LIFE IS SO UNIQUE AS TO EXIST ONLY ONCE.
...AS FOR THE REST OF YOUR JOURNEY... IT IS MINE TO FINISH.
THERE BENEATH THE SUN LAY ONE OF THE FEW ELDERS WHO HAD BEEN ALIVE... THE FLIES, BEES, AND BIRDS OF THIS UPPER WORLD... THE FLOWERS, TREES, MOUNTAINS... THE SMELL OF SWEETGRASS... JOURNEY'S END.

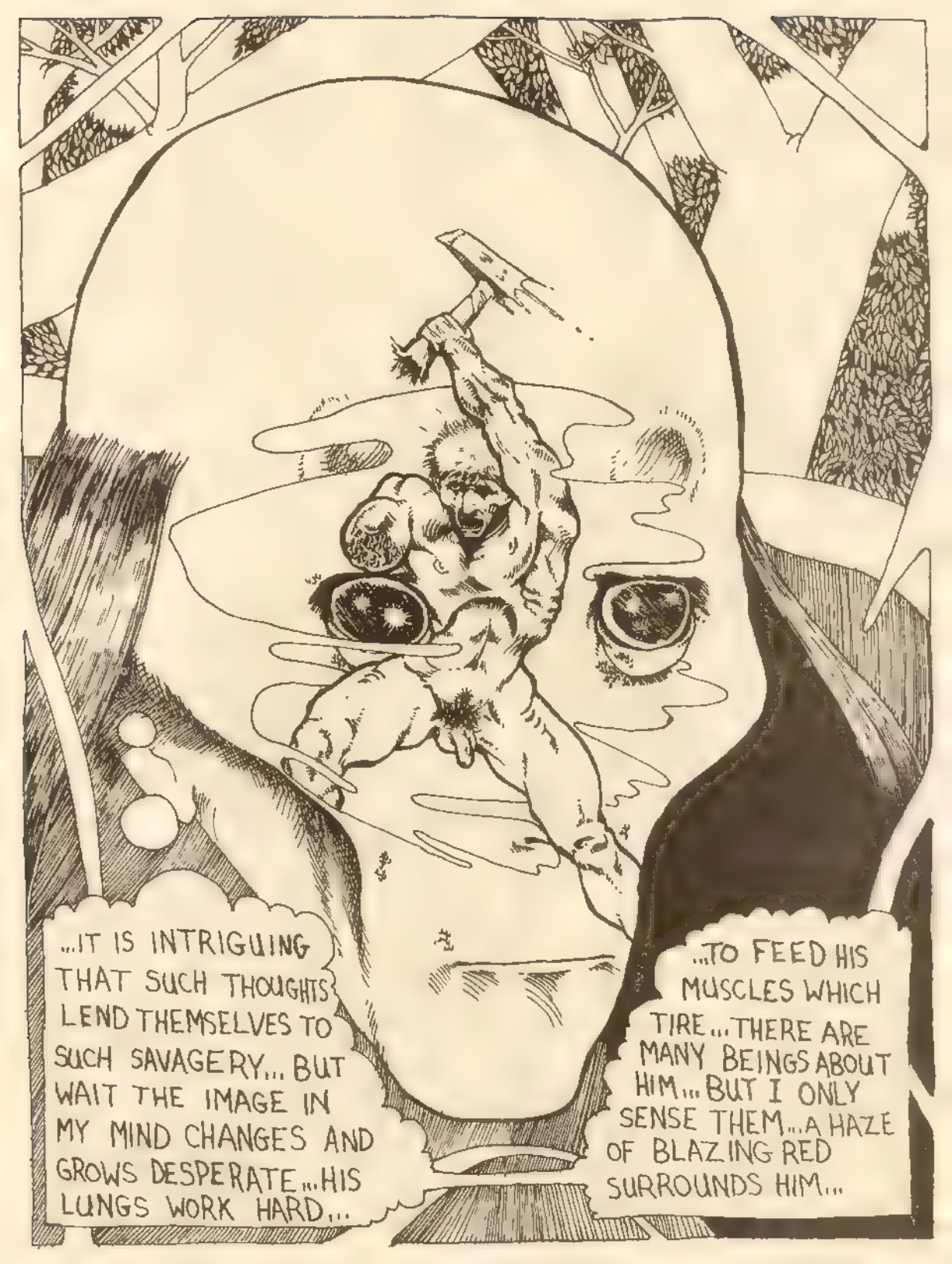
...HEAR SOUNDS...
...SOMETHING FOLLOWS...

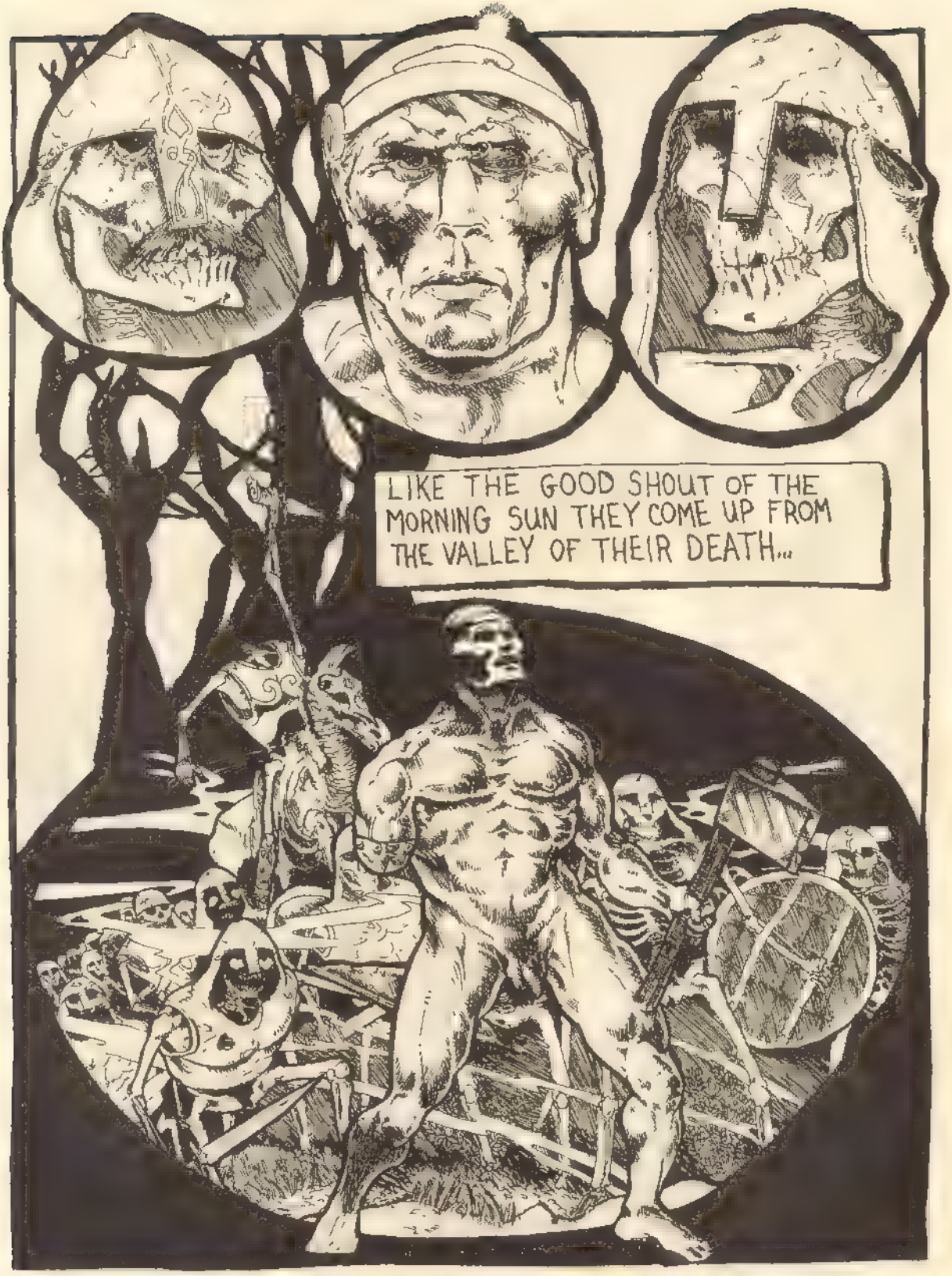
GOSSAMER SHADOWS SLITHER THROUGH BOULDER CROPS AND TREE GLADES. IN MOONLESS NIGHTS SENTIENT SHADOWS SOAR TAKING ON GRISLY SHAPES MADE OF IMAGINATION. STARK SHAPES SPIKE OUTWARD FROM THE CRUSTAL PLANE OF THE EARTH. DULL GHOST LIGHT SPILLS ON MOONLESS NIGHTS SPLASHING THE BLACKNESS.--- HE TRESSPASSES THE NIGHT... CHALLENGES THE UNKNOWN PARTS OF HIS IMAGINATION... ALWAYS KEEPING A CAUTIOUS EYE TO HIS BACKSIDE... A SKULL WITH WELL DEVELOPED FRONTAL AND OCCIPITAL LOBES BETOKENS INTELLIGENCE...
SOUNDS MUCH CLOSER!!!
...INTELLIGENCE WHICH CAN'...
...SEE...
...ITS FEAR...

...AND FIGHT...
DIE THING!
...BACK.
NOT ROCKS...
...NOTHING...
...AT EMPTY ROCK OUTCROPS?
...WILL STOP ME FROM GOING WHERE I GO.
...only rocks?
...rocks...? no one followed?!
...FEAR DEPARTS AS THE STONES GIVE WAY TO OPEN GRASS-LAND.
ON INTO THE NIGHT HE LOPES UNTIL GLOOM AND DISTANCE EAT HIM FROM SIGHT.

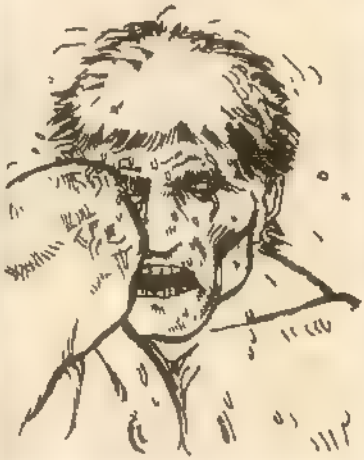

MORNING SUN RAKED OVER THE SKY CLEARING AWAY THE NIGHT... HE TURNS TO WELCOME THE SUN...
...AND UPON DOING SO SEES A PERSONAGE...LONG MINUTES PASS...
STRANGE...IN HIS MIND IS NO FEAR OF ME...

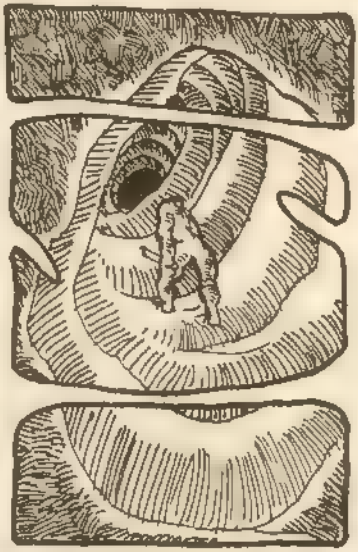

.....AFTER THE CONVERSATION OF THEIR STARING EYES HE TURNS AND CONTINUES...ON AND ON...FOLLOWED BY THE ROBED BEING... THE GRASSES SOON RUN IN AMONG A GIANT OAK FOREST.
EACH DAY WE BECOME NEARER. EVEN NOW THE THOUGHTS I RECEIVE...
...ARE THOSE THE ELDERS AND I HEARD...THOUGHTS LIKE THE GOOD SHOUT OF THE MORNING SUN...

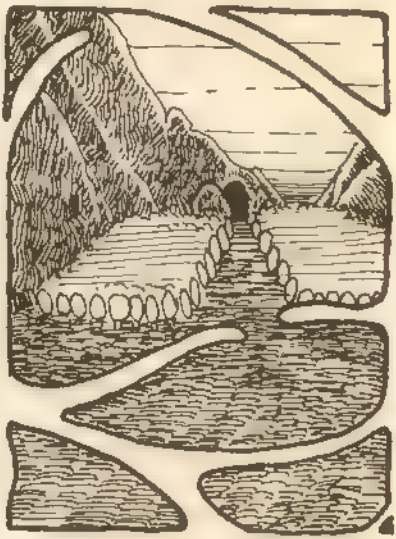

...IT IS INTRIGUING THAT SUCH THOUGHTS LEND THEMSELVES TO SUCH SAVAGERY... BUT WAIT THE IMAGE IN MY MIND CHANGES AND GROWS DESPERATE...HIS LUNGS WORK HARD...
...TO FEED HIS MUSCLES WHICH TIRE...THERE ARE MANY BEINGS ABOUT HIM...BUT I ONLY SENSE THEM...A HAZE OF BLAZING RED SURROUNDS HIM...


LIKE THE GOOD SHOUT OF THE MORNING SUN THEY COME UP FROM THE VALLEY OF THEIR DEATH...

...TO ENTER THE HALL OF KINGS.

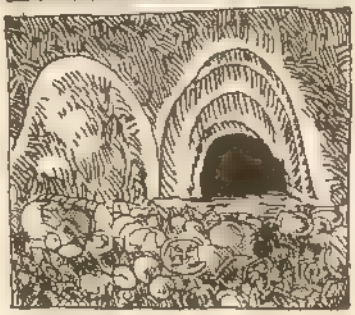






DAYS PASS BY... STILL THEY WAIT ON GUARD...

ON THE NINTH DAY THEY FELL TO THE RISING SUN DEAD AS THEY HAD BEEN...AS IF THE HEART THAT BEAT THE RHYTHM OF THEIR EXISTENCE HAD STOPPED.



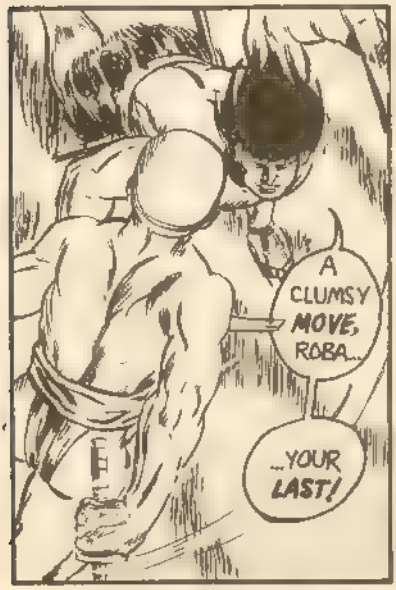
A GIFT 'SUN MIND'...
FRIENDSHIP FOREVER.

HAMEKA

IN THE LATTER DAYS OF THE OLD EMPIRE, THE EMPEROR'S POWER WANED. NOW-LEADERLESS SWORDSMEN FROM THE IMPERIAL ARMIES BECAME WANDERING BRIGANDS WHO PLUNDERED THE COUNTRYSIDE AT THEIR PLEASURE...

I SAY THE WOMAN IS ***MINE***, NOGOTH!

MINE WAS THE FIRST CLAIM, DOG! WIN HER WITH YOUR ***SWORD!***



I DO!

!?

RELEASE THE WOMAN AT ONCE!...

...THEN LEAVE THIS PLACE!
I DO NOT KNOW YOUR NAME, MEDDLER... BUT I CAN KILL STRANGERS AS EASILY AS FRIENDS.

NO ONE DICTATES TO NOGOTH!
I DO.

THEN DIE, FOOL!

YOU DIE!

YOU'LL NOT DEFEAT THE BOTH OF US, STRANGER...
AS EASILY AS YOU DID NOGOTH ALONE!

SAY YOUR LAST WORDS!

THOK!

S-STAY BACK, DOG! BACK, OR I...

.....
.....

A PITY THEY NEVER LEARNED TO SPEAK WITH ACTION INSTEAD OF BOASTS!

YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE, WANDERER... FOR THAT I OWE YOU MORE THAN I CAN EVER PAY.

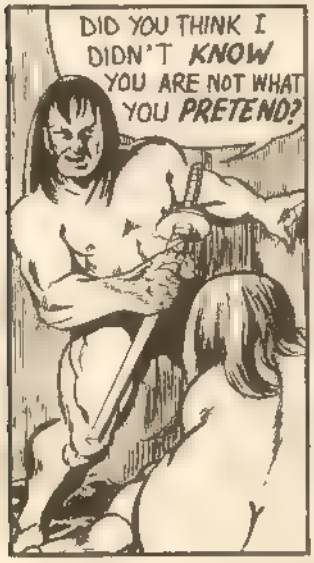
HAVE YOU NO HUSBAND, GIRL... NO FATHER TO PROTECT YOU FROM SUCH BRIGANDS?
MY NAME IS HAMEKA... AND I AM NOT MARRIED...

MY FATHER AND MY BROTHER ARE IN THE IMPERIAL CITY, TRADING... AND, AS MY MOTHER IS DEAD, I AM LEFT ALONE...
ALONE, THAT IS, UNTIL YOU CAME TO SAVE ME...

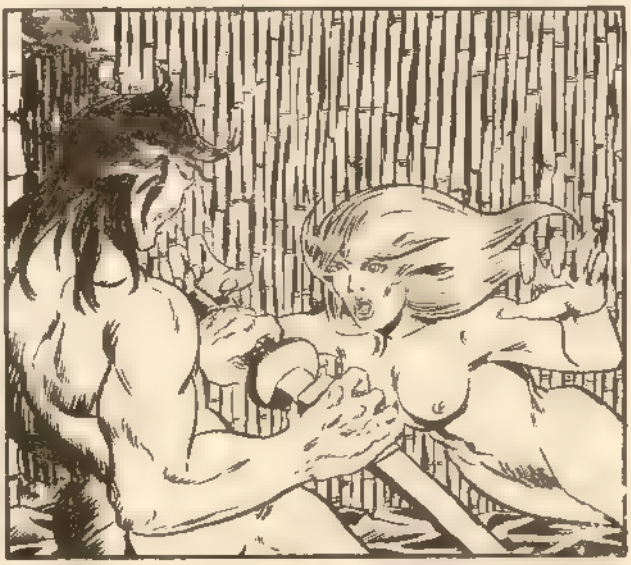
PERHAPS, WANDERER, YOU WILL PROTECT ME THIS NIGHT...

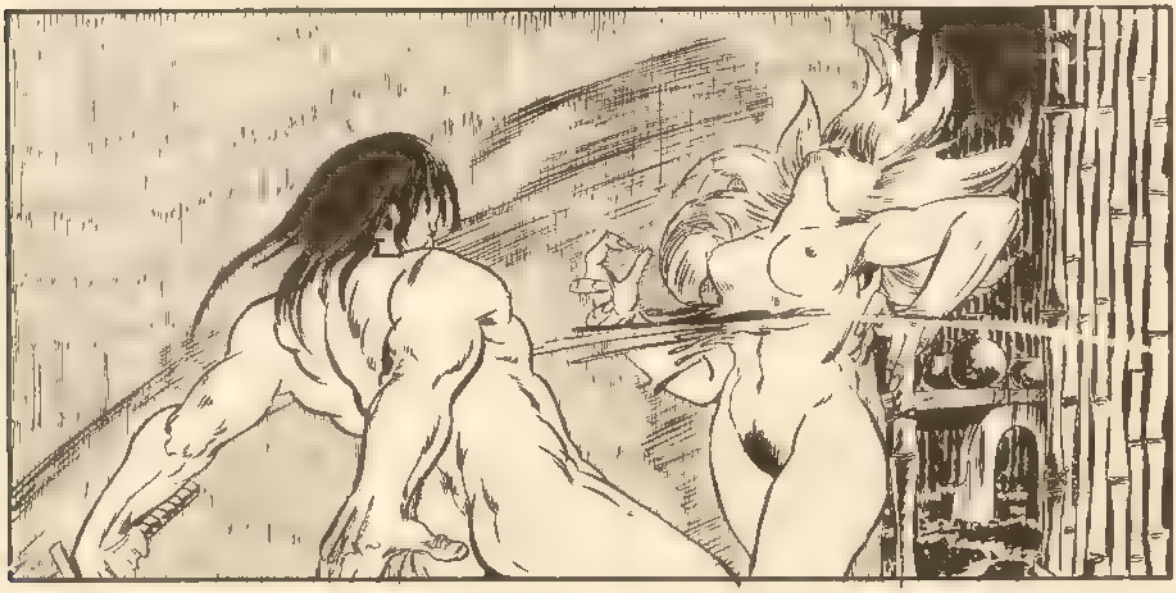
.....

DEMON!!


DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW YOU ARE NOT WHAT YOU PRETEND?

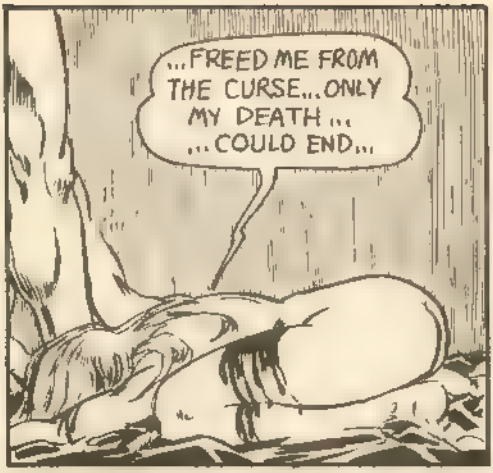
...THAT I DID NOT SEE THAT YOU CAST NO SHADOW ON THE WALL?!





... WANDERER...

... YOU HAVE FREED ME...


...FREED ME FROM THE CURSE...ONLY MY DEATH ... ...COULD END...

GO NOW! GO... WITH YOUR LIFE ....!

.... AND .... STRANGER ....

.... THANK YOU ....

HER VERY BLOOD TURNS TO FIRE ....!

OLD MAN! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF A HOUSE WHICH STANDS IN YONDER FOREST?
HOUSE?

NO HOUSE STANDS THERE NOW, MY SON. BUT ONCE A BUILDING STOOD IN THAT CURSED PLACE... THE HOME OF POOR HAMEKA. IT BURNED LONG AGO.
HAMEKA?

AYE! THERE IS A TALE OF THE PLACE! WHILE HAMEKA'S FATHER AND BROTHER WERE AWAY, ROVING BRIGANDS RAPED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED HER.

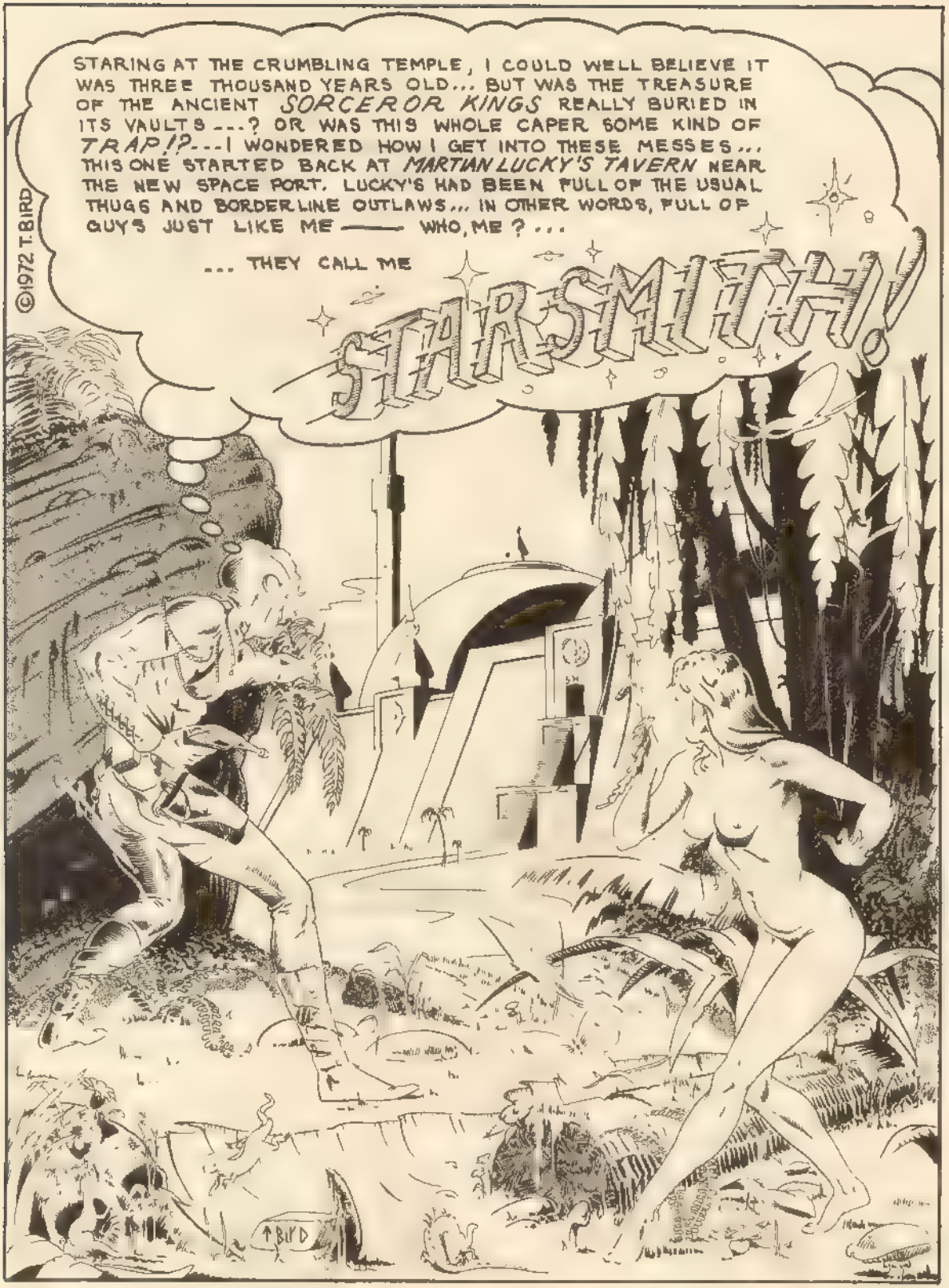
THEN THEY FIRED THE HOUSE! WITH HER DYING BREATH HAMEKA SEALED A PACT WITH THE SHADES OF THE PIT.

HAMEKA VOWED REVENGE ON ALL WANDERERS... BY SUCKING THEIR BLOOD AND RENDERING THEIR SOULS TO THE DEMONS!

THE LEGEND SAYS EACH YEAR ON THE NIGHT OF HER DEATH THE HOUSE REAPPEARS, AND HAMEKA'S TORTURED SPIRIT RETURNS TO TRAP UNWARY TRAVELLERS...

...OR SO THEY SAY...
AN INTERESTING STORY, OLD MAN...

... BUT I THINK ... THAT PERHAPS NEXT TIME... HAMEKA WILL NOT RETURN.....
完


STARING AT THE CRUMBLING TEMPLE, I COULD WELL BELIEVE IT WAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD... BUT WAS THE TREASURE OF THE ANCIENT SORCEROR KINGS REALLY BURIED IN ITS VAULTS ---? OR WAS THIS WHOLE CAPER SOME KIND OF TRAP!?---I WONDERED HOW I GET INTO THESE MESSES... THIS ONE STARTED BACK AT MARTIAN LUCKY'S TAVERN NEAR THE NEW SPACE PORT. LUCKY'S HAD BEEN FULL OF THE USUAL THUGS AND BORDERLINE OUTLAWS... IN OTHER WORDS, FULL OF GUYS JUST LIKE ME —— WHO, ME ? ...
... THEY CALL ME
STARSMITH!
©1972 T. BIRD
BIRD

YEAH, LUCKY'S HAD BEEN JAMMED... THAT'S WHY I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN I SAW HER THROUGH THE HAZE...
SAY, ANGELO!... GET A LOAD OF THIS!... A NATIVE TOO, JUDGING FROM HER, ER... UNDRESS...
I COULD SEE BY MY BUDDY ANGELO'S FACE, WHICH HAD AN INNOCENT WHOLESOMENESS THAT WOULD HAVE PLACED IT ON A SPACE-PATROL RECRUITING POSTER IF IT HADN'T BEEN ON THEIR WANTED SHEETS INSTEAD... THAT HE WAS SURPRISED, TOO.. I MEAN, HELL!... SHE WAS UNDULATING THROUGH THAT DEN OF THIEVES WITHOUT GETTING SO MUCH AS A GROPE!
SMITTY! SHE'S COMING THIS WAY...
SURE ENOUGH, SHE SHUTTLED RIGHT OVER AND DOCKED AT OUR TABLE...
YOU ARE STARSMITH?
I LOVE THE WAY YOU SAY MY NAME..
BUT I SAW REAL QUICK WHAT WAS PRESERVING HER VIRTUE...
COILED AROUND HER NECK WAS A DEADLY SWAMP LIZARD... I'VE NEVER SEEN THEIR ACT, BUT I HEAR THE LAST THING YOU KNOW AS YOU FALL TO THE DECK TWO SECONDS AFTER YOU'RE NIPPED IS HOW YOUR CHIN'S ALL SPITTY-LIKE FROM THE WAY YOUR MOUTH'S FROTHING...
MY NAME IS ILWANNA...
...I WONDERED IF I COULD TRUST HER...
SHE SAID SHE WAS A PRIESTESS OF SOME KIND... THEN SHE TOLD US AN OLD LEGEND...SEEMS THERE'D BEEN A REBELLION...
BUT THE GREATEST TREASURES WERE HIDDEN IN A DISTANT TEMPLE THE LOCATION KNOWN ONLY TO AN INNER CIRCLE..

SHE TOLD US A LOT MORE — BUT THE MAIN THING WAS THAT NO SOONER HAD THE REBELLION BEEN PUT DOWN THAN A SERIES OF PLANET-QUAKES ALL BUT WRECKED THEIR CIVILIZATION...

SEVERAL GENERATIONS LATER, WITH *THAT* MESS STRAIGHTENED AWAY, THEY TRIED TO RECOVER THEIR TREASURY, BUT...

...THEY FOUND THEY COULDN'T GET TO IT... SEEMS THE QUAKES HAD LEFT THE PLACE SURROUNDED BY A LOUSY SALT-WATER SWAMP CRAWLING WITH REFUGEES FROM A HORROR-SHOW...

AND THAT'S THE WAY THINGS STOOD FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS... A FABULOUS HORDE OF JEWELS ALL TUCKED AWAY... JUST WAITIN'...

... JUST *WAITIN'* FOR US SMITTY! WE CAN *FLY OVER* THAT PUDDLE OF SNAKES AND DIVVY UP THE LOOT WITH BUBBLES HERE...

...FOR SHOWIN' US THE WAY. *OKAY!* WE'LL *DO* IT! BUT ON *TWO CONDITIONS!* *ONE.* THE SHARES ARE GONNA BE 60-40, AND *TWO:* I'LL WANNA

...YOU LEAVE THAT SCALY FRIEND OF YOURS IN A HOME FOR THE *UGLY*... ITS *NOT* GOIN' ON MY *SHIP!*

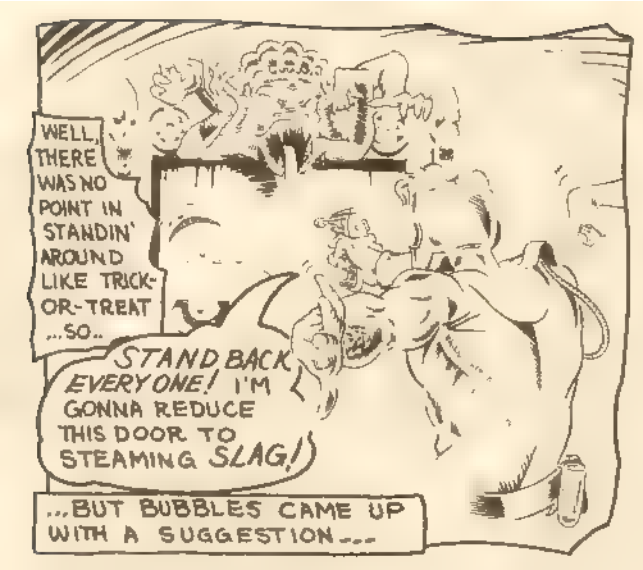
...VERY WELL, ...*GENTLEMEN*... BUT THERE IS ONE MORE THING, ...THE ANCIENTS WERE CALLED *SORCEROR KINGS*...

...AND THEY LEFT A... A *GUARDIAN* TO PROTECT THE TEMPLE UNTIL THEIR *RETURN!*

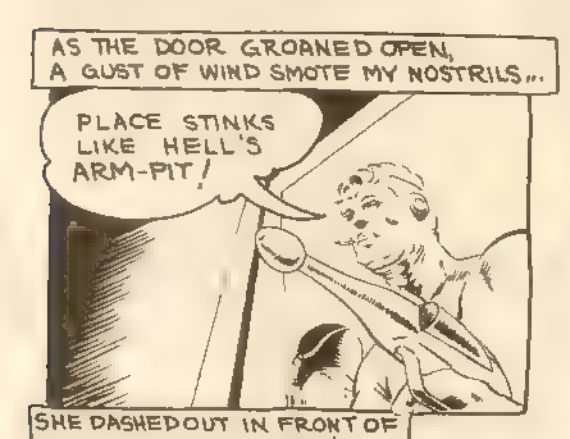
— THE TRIP DIDN'T TAKE LONG... BUT AS WE BRAKED IN FOR A LANDING I WONDERED... ...A *GUARDIAN?*... STILL AROUND AFTER *THREE THOUSAND YEARS?* P-SHAW AND TISH! SAYS I... BUT LATER ON.

THERE'S THE TEMPLE! BRING 'ER IN EASY, ANGELO!

STANDING HERE IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE, I'M *STILL* WONDERIN'...

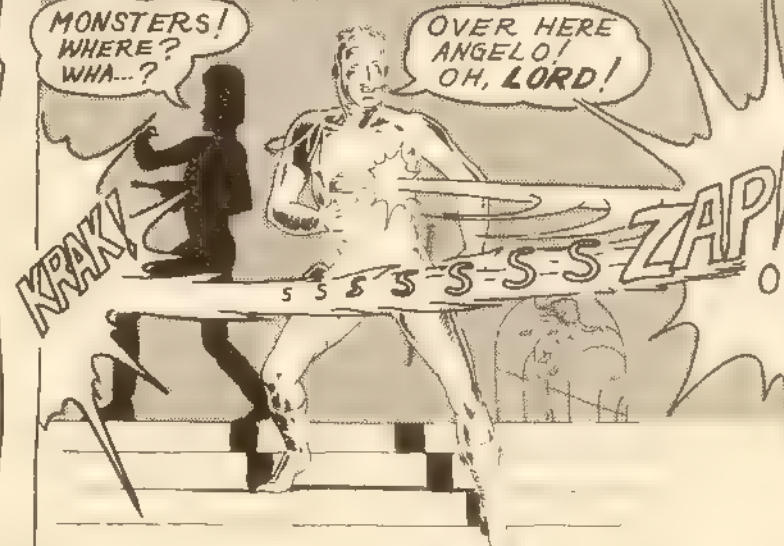

WELL, THERE WAS NO POINT IN STANDIN' AROUND LIKE TRICK-OR-TREAT ...SO..
STAND BACK EVERYONE! I'M GONNA REDUCE THIS DOOR TO STEAMING SLAG!
...BUT BUBBLES CAME UP WITH A SUGGESTION...

WOULD THE KEY HELP?


AS THE DOOR GROANED OPEN, A GUST OF WIND SMOTE MY NOSTRILS...
PLACE STINKS LIKE HELL'S ARM-PIT!

A LONG TIME WE WANDERED AMONG COLD PILLARS, SPOOKED BY OUR OWN ECHOING FOOTSTEPS, WHEN—
SAY, SMITTY! WHERE'S THE GIRL?
PLACE GIVES ME THE CRAWLS, ANGELO ...I DUNNO, I...
AAIEEE!

SHE DASHED OUT IN FRONT OF US WITH BA-A-AD NEWS!
RUN! THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!


MONSTERS! WHERE? WHA...?
OVER HERE ANGELO! OH, LORD!
KRAK!
S S S S S S S
ZAP!

WRITHING AND GRUNTING ... IT WAS HIDEOUS ... AND IT WAS GETTING CLOSER BY THE MICRO-SECOND!
RANT!
RNT!
RNT!
THE AIR WAS THICK WITH THE SIZZLING COUGH AND ELECTRIC STINK OF OZONE FROM OUR BLASTERS — BUT...
SMITTY, OL' BUDDY, WE'RE NOT EVEN SLOWING THAT THING DOWN!
I KNOW, DAMMIT! I KNOW!
ZAP!
RUNNIN' LOW ON CHARGES ANGELO... BETTER FIND THE GIRL AND ROAR ROCKETS!
RIGHT, SMITTY!
AND THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS SHE'D LEFT, SHE WAS BACK ... EXCEPT THAT NOW SHE WAS ONE SORE PRIESTESS!
SQA TRUNT!!
SQATGRUNT
HEY! WHAT'S SHE DOIN'?
HOLD, OH SQAT-GRUNT! HOLD I SAY!
JUMPIN' JUPITER! THAT THING'LL MANGLE 'ER!

COOL AS YOU PLEASE, SHE DISPLAYED AN ARCANE SYMBOL... A TATTOO THAT IDENTIFIED HER AS HIGH PRIESTESS...

BEHOLD, DOLT! I'VE GOT THE MAGIC SIGN!

...UH, YUH...

BUT THAT STARTED ME THINKING...

...IF SHE HAD THE POWER TO STOP OL' TALL DARK AN' GOOEY ALL ALONG, THEN HOW COME SHE...?

SAY, SMITTY... SOMETHING ABOUT THIS STINKS...

ITS A DOUBLE-CROSS, ANGELO! SHE PLANNED FOR THE CREEP TO RECYCLE US, SO SHE'D HAVE THE *LOOT!*

BUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT NAILED US ALL IN OUR TRACKS...

WHERE ARE THEY!?

ALL RIGHT, WARTS! I COULDN'T FIND THE JEWELS— WHERE ARE THEY?!

WAITAMINIT! WAITAMINIT! THERE'S NOTHIN' IN MY CONTRACT ABOUT JEWELS!... I'M ON'Y SPOSED TA GUARD TH' *TEMPLE!*

..WELL, THERE WUZ THIS BIG OL' EARTH-QUAKE SEE... BLOCKED MY FOOD SUPPLY... ...SO...

..SO...SO I... WELL, I ATE 'EM..

THEN THE WHOLE THING TURNED INTO A SHAMBLES..

US DEMONS GOTTA EAT TOO Y'KNOW! THREE THOUSAND YEARS, I MEAN

BY THE *RINGS OF SATURN!*

HEY!

BUBBLES! YOU WUZ GONNA CROSS US..

IDIOT!

WAIT A MINUTE!

YOU!..

YOU ATE..

YOU ATE THEM!!

.. I DONT KNOW HOW I *GET INTO THESE THINGS...!*

END

"OLD HARLEYS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST GO FASTER"

BEER IN FAST'N'UFF

A MOTORCYCLE MADCAP

featuring

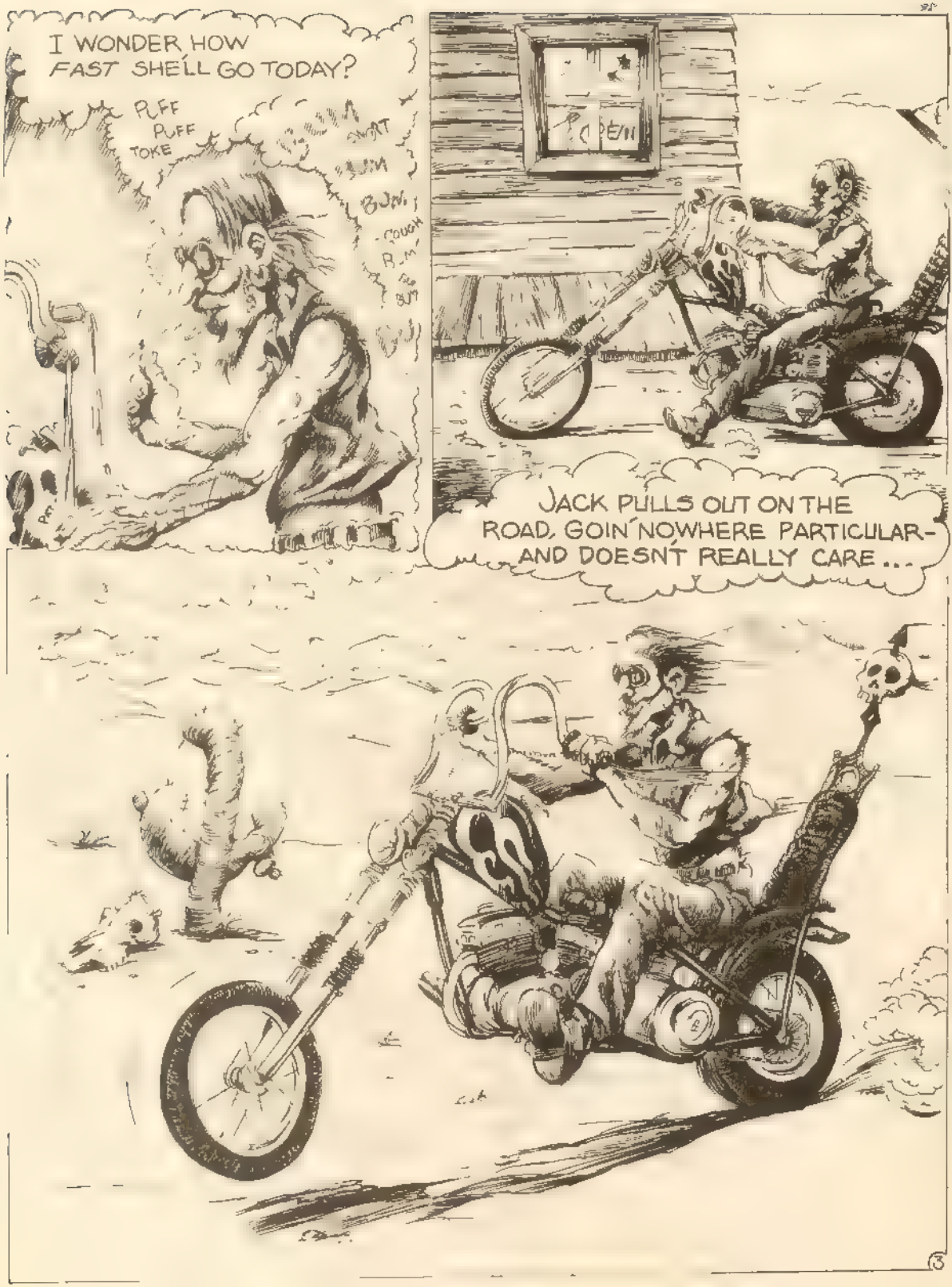
OPEN

MAD JACK

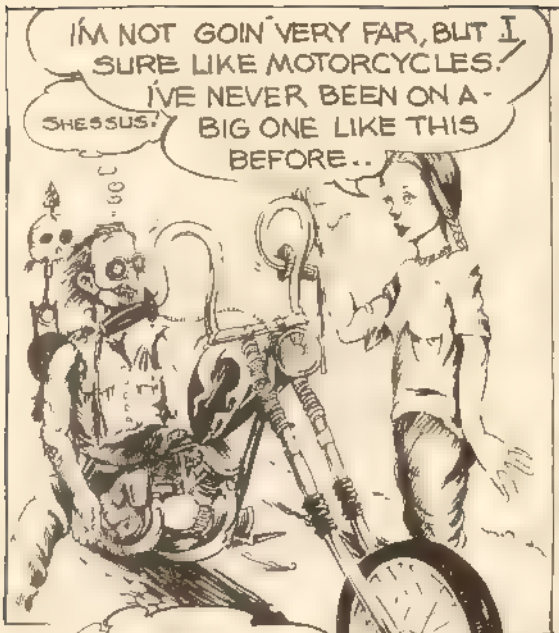
HE'S ONE SKANKY CHARACTER

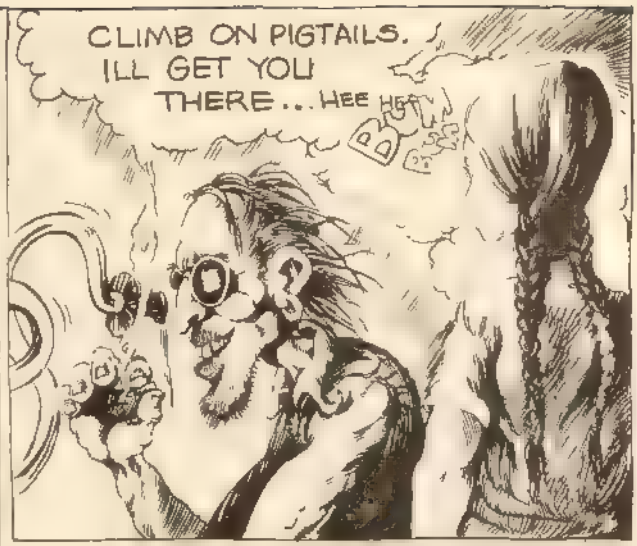
COPY © '72

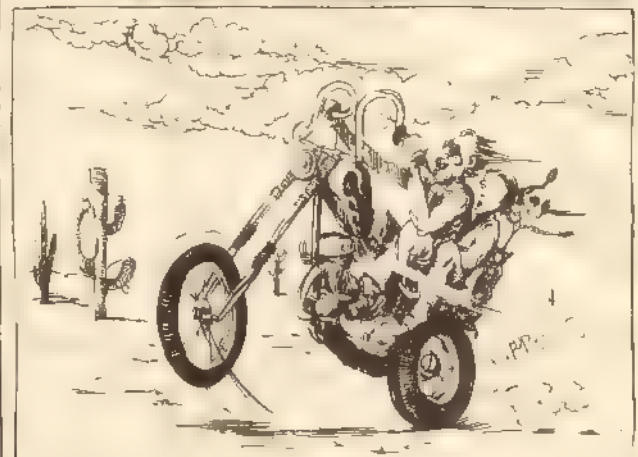
YEP, "BELCH". IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME I PUNCHED THIS MOTOR OUT, REAL GOOD.
PLUNK
NOW TA KICK THIS TOAD OVER.
KA FLUD A DUM COUGH
BAKA P
CHOKE
POP
RUMBLE
GASP
POP
BUNK
BONT
BRUNK
AS JACK WARMS UP HIS BIKE...
BLAT
RUMBLE
BWOM BWOM


I WONDER HOW FAST SHE'LL GO TODAY?
PUFF
PUFF
TOKE
COUGH
JACK PULLS OUT ON THE ROAD, GOIN' NOWHERE PARTICULAR- AND DOESN'T REALLY CARE...

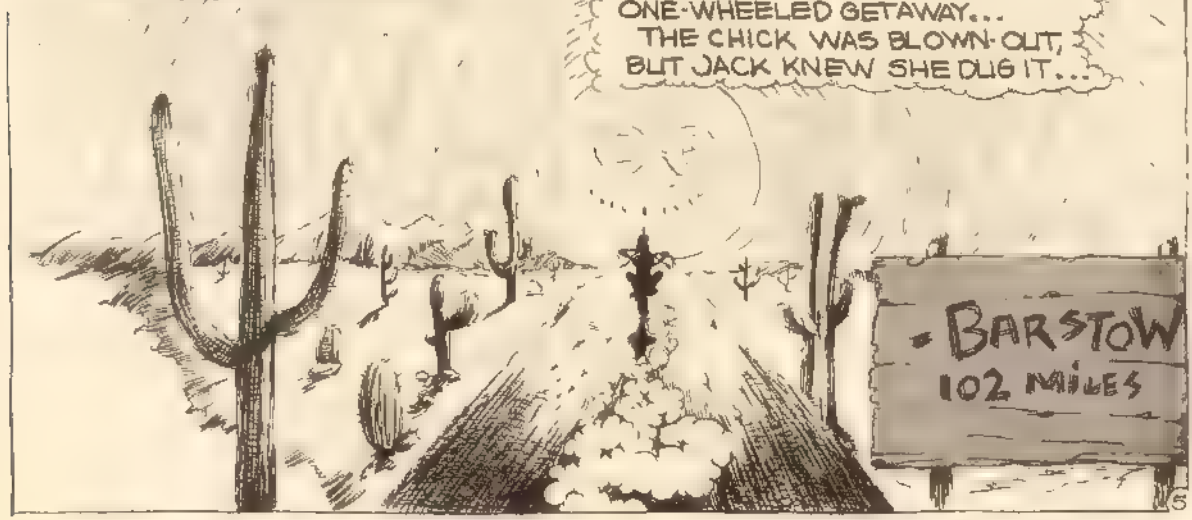
JUST COPPIN' SOME BREEZE & TAKIN' IN THE WARM AFTERNOON SUN, UNTIL JACK SPOTS A FIGURE ON THE ROADSIDE...
A GIRL! OUT HERE? WOW!!!
OH MY GOD!!! NOW I LEY ME
HEY SQUIRREL!! WHATS YOUR STORY? YOU NEED A FAST RIDE SOMEWHERE??
MAD JACK, FULLY AWARE THAT ANY CHICK THAT HITCHIKES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD, CAN'T BE ALL BAD!!! PULLS OVER. THE CHICK, AT FIRST, IS PARANOID..
SSKREEECH



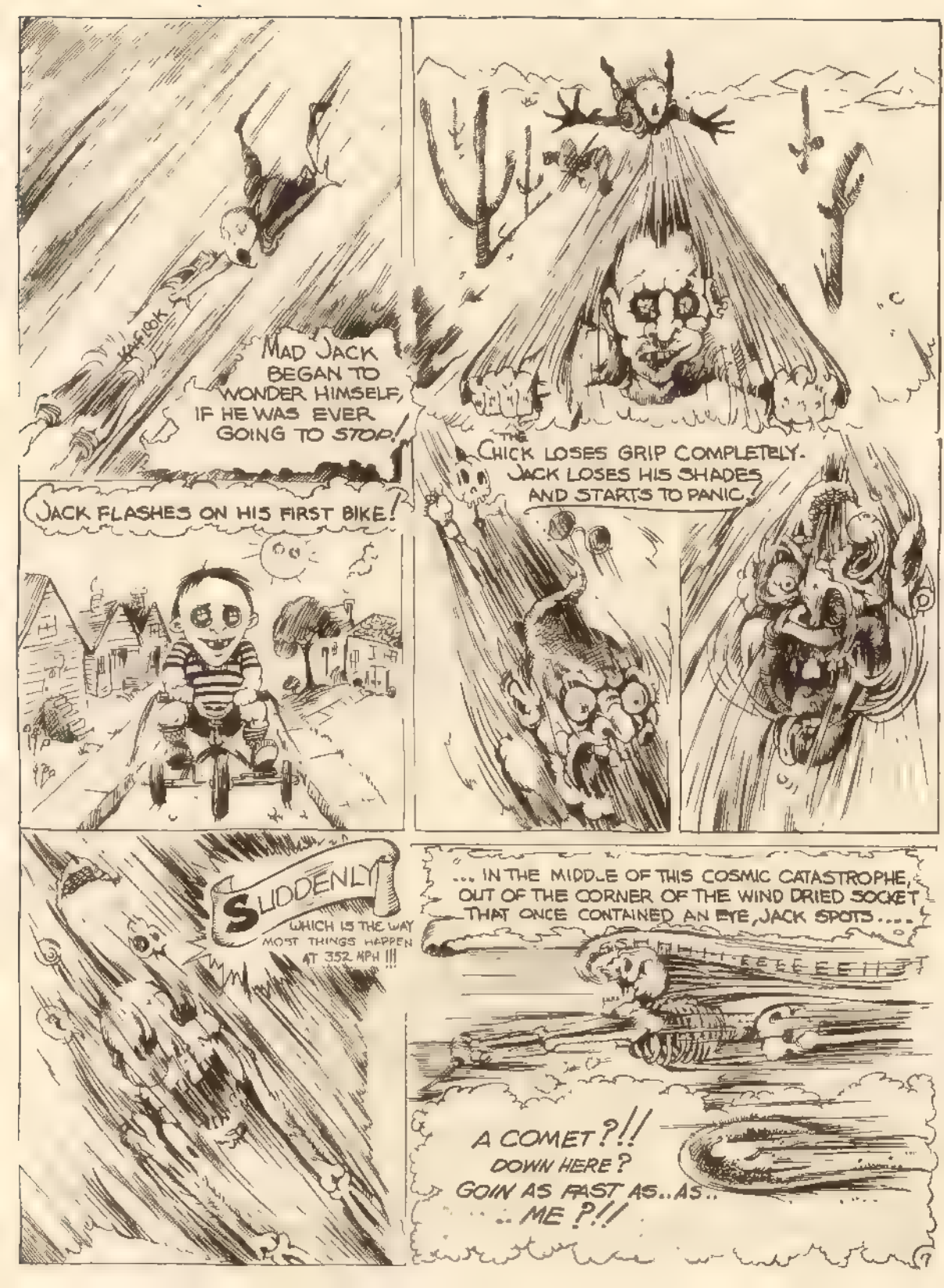




WITH A WARM NEW BACKREST, JACK TRYS OUT HIS USUAL ONE-WHEELED GETAWAY... THE CHICK WAS BLOWN-OUT, BUT JACK KNEW SHE DUG IT...



...JACK POPS THE QUESTION,
LIKE TO GO FAST?
I DON'T KNOW, I NEVER...
YOU'LL KNOW AFTER A RIDE ON MY SCOOTER, BABY!
AS JACK TURNS ON SOME SPEED, HIS PASSENGER ENJOYS THE RIDE, UNTIL THAT OLD HOG REALLY STARTED FARTIN...!
FAR OUT...
JACK HAD GONE FAST BEFORE AND HAD ALWAYS BEEN A 'TAD' CRAZED.. BUT AS THINGS BEGAN TO GET OUT'A'HAND...


MAD JACK BEGAN TO WONDER HIMSELF, IF HE WAS EVER GOING TO STOP!
THE CHICK LOSES GRIP COMPLETELY. JACK LOSES HIS SHADES AND STARTS TO PANIC.
JACK FLASHES ON HIS FIRST BIKE!
SUDDENLY
WHICH IS THE WAY MOST THINGS HAPPEN AT 352 MPH !!!
... IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS COSMIC CATASTROPHE, OUT OF THE CORNER OF THE WIND DRIED SOCKET THAT ONCE CONTAINED AN EYE, JACK SPOTS....
A COMET ?!! DOWN HERE ? GOIN AS FAST AS..AS.. .. ME ?!!

WHAT THE HELL?!!
A FLASHIN LITE!..
I WONDER WHAT...
WHAT'S THIS GUY? WITH A..A. CLUB?!!! SHIT!!
HE'S GONNA!!...
WHISTLE
KRACK
IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU THAT MAKE OUR JOB REALLY TOUGH, BUDDY
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW..?
AHA
THE END

ORM

I'VE NO LIKING OF GRAVE-YARDS BUT IT IS SAID THAT THESE FOOLS BURRY GOLD WITH THEIR DEAD..

AND I NEED THAT GOLD-MORE THAN A CORPSE COULD!

YOU'RE GREEDY! MUCH TOO GREEDY!

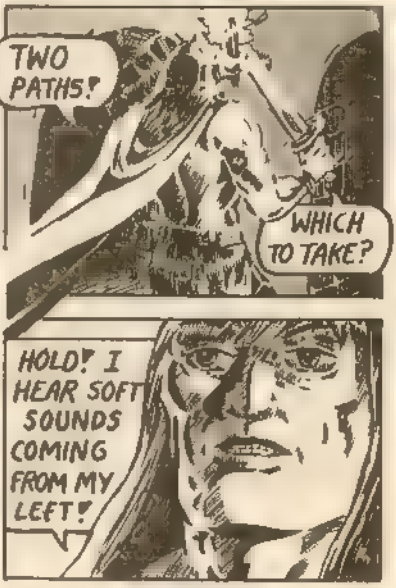
SO YOU DIE YOUNG!

EASY, FELLOW!
DON'T YOU...
WANT TO...

SURVIVE?

WHAT'S THIS? STILL NO RISE FROM YOU? PERHAPS LESS WILL BEGET MORE!
THUS...

THAT FOOL...
THOUGHT I'D SPARE HIM...
FOR OPENING THIS TOMB TO ME!


TWO PATHS!
WHICH TO TAKE?
HOLD! I HEAR SOFT SOUNDS COMING FROM MY LEFT!

EVEN NOW, NO RISE FROM YOU? TRY!

THE SOUND IS CLOSER NOW!

THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT YOU NOW! YOU'RE IN SOLID! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!

ORM!

SHE'S DOING A CADAVER!
HARDER, LOVER! HARDER!

I'D HEARD YOUR PEOPLE WERE WASTEFUL, BUT...
WHA-A-A...
WHO ARE YOU?
HOW'D YOU GET BY THE PRIESTS?

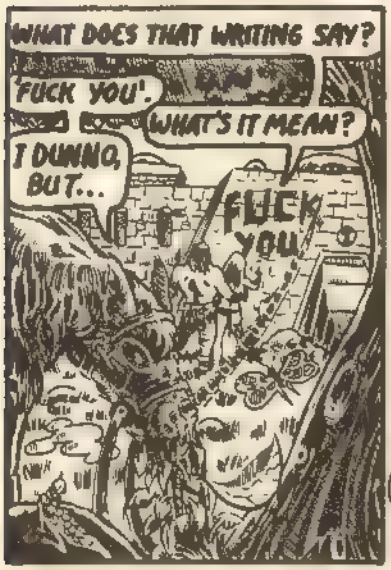
THEY'VE -ER- GONE THE WAY OF THE GREAT WORM!
ENOUGH CHAT! WE CAN TALK LATER. BUT NOW, YOUR HUNGER HAS AROUSED MY OWN!

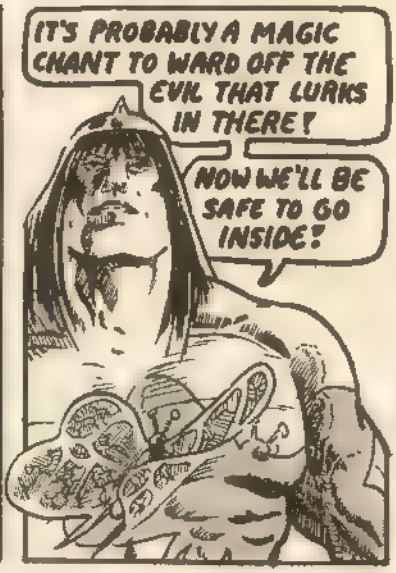
LATER...
WHY'D YOU COME HERE, CROM?

TO STEAL. AND YOU?
THE SAME. THE PRIESTS CAUGHT ME AND LEFT ME HERE TO DIE!

BUT BEFORE THEY DID, I STOLE A MAP FROM THEM. I THINK IT SHOWS WHERE THEY HIDE THEIR GOLD!
A MAP?

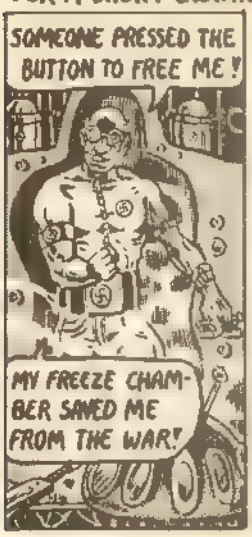
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE MAP'S DESTINATION.
CROM?
WHAT?

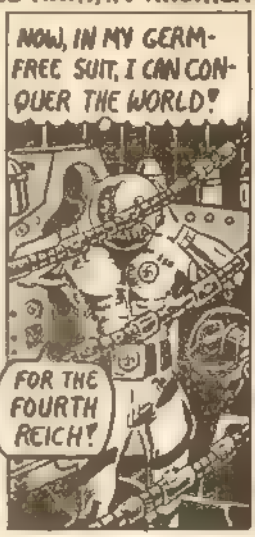

WHAT DOES THAT WRITING SAY?
'FUCK YOU'.
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
I DUNNO, BUT...
FUCK YOU

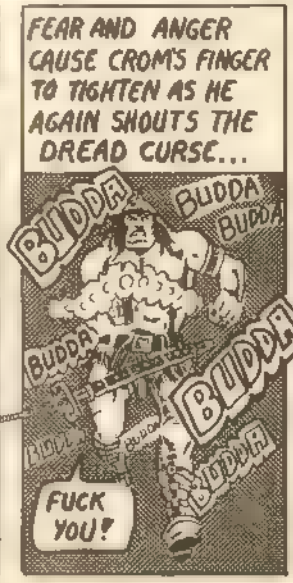

IT'S PROBABLY A MAGIC CHANT TO WARD OFF THE EVIL THAT LURKS IN THERE!
NOW WE'LL BE SAFE TO GO INSIDE!

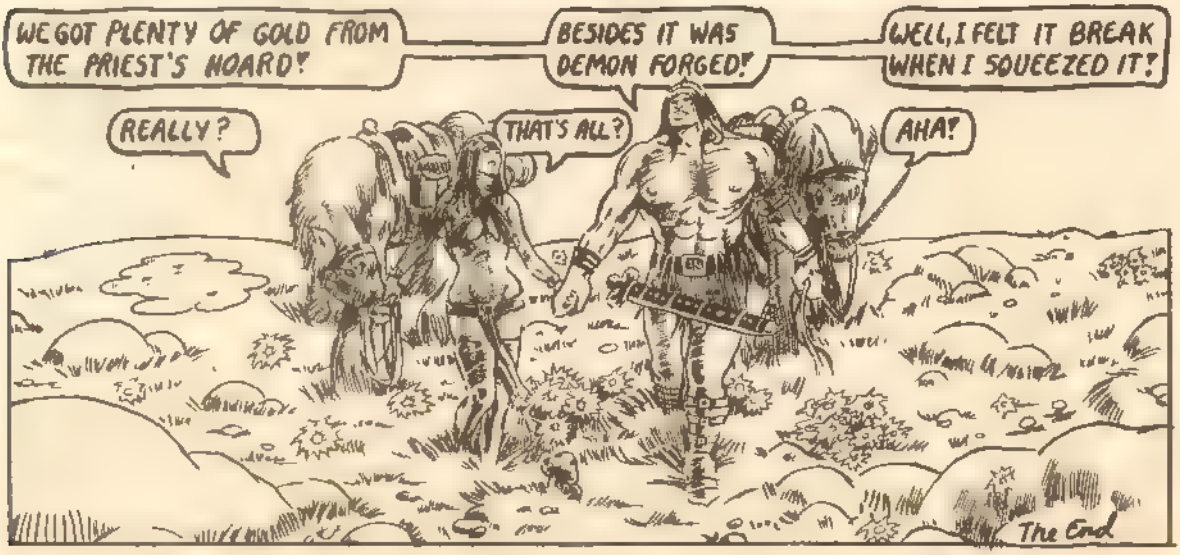
CROM AND THE GIRL, LILA, GO DOWN THE PASSAGE, WHICH ENDS IN A HUGE ROOM.
I LOVE PUSHING THESE THINGS!
CAREFUL, LILA!
TOO LATE, CROM.
YOUR WARNING IS TOO LATE!

FOR A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, IN ANOTHER CHAMBER...









Greetings and Felicitations
upon you in your noble enterprise,
Bob Sidebottom
and to the artist, hail
Male Man
both permitting me to introduce
Robert ("call me what you want to")
Main
myself and wishing to state my
intense enjoyment of your Barbarian
Comics. In one of my higher-value
compliments, I've never read anything
like it before. The silver-bound one
blows original as a mountain breeze
into my Fantasy boxes, necessary as
the existence of Conan/Hero himself.
Sometime incarnations in the Barbarian
moral region all agree: it's REAL as
the way you tell it. Barbarian
Comics is Real. Celebrate.

Robert Main
Ontario, Canada

Male & Bob -

Barbarian Comic #1 is o.k. I like it.
I wish the plot had been more moti-
vated, tho. R.E.Howard, Richard
Corben, & Barry Smith you guys ain't,
but that was obvious when I bought
B.C. #1. You still ain't bad. I
hope to see lots more of B.C., as it's
really worthwhile.

Robert Raffaelli
Santa Barbara, CA

Thrills, chills & sorcerer's skills.
Truly artistic talents.
Your macabre adventure of death and
decay, left me feeling,
Looking up from a grave wall!!
Keep up your good work.

Chad Kahrs
Kansas City, MO

It is hard to know where to begin a critique of this sort as I am forced to say many derogatory things when no discouragement is intended. The first issue of Barbarian Comics was not at all what I'd hoped for, being somewhat amateurish. When this comic was first brought to my attention (before publication) I felt, at last there would be a medium to fill the gap between Marvel's Conan and Howard's. Many excuses can be made for this may's weaknesses, most of which could be linked to economics and that it is a first. These all go without saying. The fact remains that the art is frequently sloppy, the battles and sex are watered down, the writing poor, and the lettering takes up too much room (I buy comics for the art, the story is secondary) and is also sloppy. Still, all things considered this comic is closer to that ideal combination of R.E.H., F.Frazetta, and Barry Smith than anything to come along. Please keep trying for, "Repetition doth indeed breed perfection!"

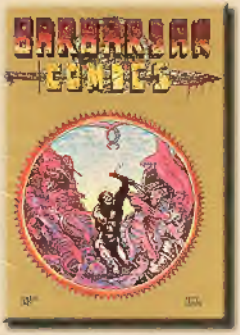
In hopes of improving this comic I would like to make some specific criticisms of its basic elements. First the writing, and here I think is my largest complaint. In college I found that in order to pass, a student was forced to write simply to fill a page, the more bullshit you could place between the relevant material, the better the grade. In this respect Sun & Steel would receive an A+. I can appreciate a well turned phrase now and then (and as you have guessed, I B.S. too!), and cryptic poetry does have a place in sword & sorcery, but your story goes much too far. Be concise, use relevant dialogue to establish plot. I think you will find it creates a stable back-up to the art.

Many of the panels in this issue were very good, excellent in their portrayal and characterization of true fighting men. Unfortunately, not enough attention was paid to the smaller panels and backgrounds to bring out the realism required of this type of surrealistic art. The hazy mood created by this sketchy style of drawing does not lend as much to the work as a more careful treatment. However, this is only an opinion and should be accepted as a suggestion not a complaint. Your adaptation was totally acceptable.

Earlier I mentioned the extravagant use of crypticism and now I must mention that which suffered most by it, content. On plot and subject matter I have little to say due, unfortunately to a lack of these elements rather than an acceptance of them. I can only hope that Tomwol will turn out to be the real bastard that a sword & sorcery hero must be, always living for himself and his honor (easy on the honor). I could continue but I really have little data to go on. You asked for my opinions and I have given them to you in hopes of giving you assistance. I enjoyed your comic and am looking forward to #2.

Tom Egloff
Sacramento, CA

DORBEN



Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX

Barbarian Comics #2

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ISBN:

Stories:

3 - Sun And Steel, Hall of Kings
24 - Hameka
32 - Starsmith
38 - Fast 'N Stuff
46 - Crom

Artists:

Han Hale - 1, 3-23, 52
Richard V. Corben - 2, 51
Ron Harris - 24-31
Tom Bird - 32-37
John Williams - 38-45
Will A. Meugniot - 46-49
Robert Main - 50(letter)
Robert Rafeaili - 50(letter)
Chad Khars - 50(letter)
Tom Egloff - 50(letter)

Comments:

N/A